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Payne ~ Home Sweet Home ~ 1880

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**BOUGHT FROM THE
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HOME SWEET HOME

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

WITH DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY

ENGRAVED BY ANDREW

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD, 47 FRANKLIN STREET

NEW YORK

CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM, 678 BROADWAY

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THE author of "HOME, SWEET HOME," was born in the city of New York, June 9, 1791, and died at Tunis April 9, 1852. Among the many compositions of which he was the author was an opera entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The music was composed by Sir Henry Bishop, and includes many beautiful melodies. The heroine's principal song is the subject of this volume— "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Payne relates that when he was travelling in Italy he heard a peasant woman singing a sweet and tender air, which made an instant impression on his mind. He induced the woman to repeat it until he could write down the notes. With the melody and the measure in mind he wrote the song, and then gave it to the composer, who retouched the notation and furnished appropriate harmony.

Every one knows how swiftly the song was wafted over the world. Prima donnas have lavished upon it the resources of art; homesick wanderers have poured out their souls in its plaintive strains; mothers have crooned it over the cradle, until now it is the *Rans des Vaches* of the nations. One hundred thousand copies were sold in London the first season.

This is an instance in which fit music is truly "married to immortal verse." Whoever notices the changes will observe that the pressure of the musical form was of advantage to the poem. The redundant lines were excluded, and excrescences were pruned away. The poem was a native diamond at the beginning; as it stands now, it is a jewel cut and set with perfect art, and "on the forefinger of Time sparkles forever."



"Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home."

THE PAYNE HOMESTEAD.



(As published in 1831.)



HOME pleasures and palaces though we may
roam,

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

There's no place like home!



"An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain."



AN exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain :
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call,—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

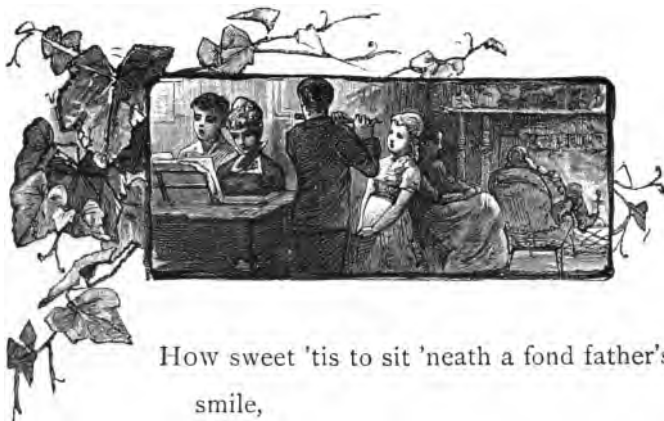
There's no place like home !



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"The cares of a mother to soothe and beguile."



How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's
smile,

And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

But give me, oh! give me,

The pleasures of home.





"To thee I'll return, overburdened with care."



To thee I'll return, overburdened with care :
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam :
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.





"How sweet the remembrance of home still appears."



(Verses added to the sheet music by MR. PAYNE for his relative, MRS. BATES.

To us, in spite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears!
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh:

“Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There’s no place like home!

There’s no place like home!”

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But mine has been checkered with many a woe;
Yet, though different our fortunes, our thoughts are
the same,

And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim:

“Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

There’s no place like home!

There’s no place like home!”



"The love of a mother, surpassing all other."



AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN BY MR. PAYNE



WID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
(Like the love of a mother,
Surpassing all other,)
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.
There's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played,
Even stronger than time, and
more deep than despair !

An exile from home, splendor
dazzles in vain !
Oh ! give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call. —
Those who named me with pride,
Those who played by my side, —
Give me them ! with their innocence dearer than all !
The joys of the palaces through which I
roam,
Only swell my heart's anguish — there's
no place like home.





